

## A CONFLICT OF EVIDENCE.

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**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.**  
In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

**CHAPTER I.**—Fifteen years before the opening of the story John Lewis went to live in a place called Lee, in New Hampshire, with a little girl 6 years old, Virginia, the daughter of his deceased sister. He had a son who had been ill at school, but ran away and shipped for China. Five years after Lewis went to Lee a family named Marvel also settled there. Young Walter Marvel met and loved Virginia Lewis. Alice Marvel, Walter's sister, and Harry Lucas also met and were reported to be in love with each other. At the opening of the story a person purporting to be the missing son of John Lewis arrives at Lee. Walter Marvel proposes for Virginia's hand to her uncle, who refuses, telling him that his uncle, whose name he bears, was a villain and a convict. Young Marvel draws a pistol and shoots at Lewis. Lewis is diverted by Virginia. Soon after Lewis is found dead in his room with two bullet holes in his body. His death occurs simultaneously with the arrival of the man who claims to be his son. II.—Mr. Barnes, the celebrated detective, and Tom Burrows, another detective, take up the case, strongly suspecting Virginia as the criminal. III.—They examine the grounds about the house where the murder is committed and find footprints of a man and a woman, the woman's footprints strengthening their suspicions of Virginia. They also find two pistols, one marked "Virginia Lewis," the other marked "Alice Marvel." Virginia writes a letter and goes away with it. Barnes, disguised, follows her. IV.—Virginia gives her letter to one Will Everly, who posts it. Barnes keeps his eye on it, gets possession of it and thus learns the whereabouts of Walter Marvel. V.—Virginia meets Alice Marvel, who betrays a knowledge of the murderer. VI.—John Lewis, the supposed son of the murdered man, produces envelopes addressed to him to prove his identity. He excites suspicion by leaving his room at midnight.

### CHAPTER VII. THE AUTOPSY.

After being released from his room by Burrows, Lewis crossed the hall and went into the parlor. Though New England farm people usually arise early, he judged from the stillness in the house that no one else was yet astir. He heard the detective go up stairs and close his door behind him. In the quiet of morning in the country the least sound is heard afar off. He wondered how it was that Burrows had been in the hall so early and why he had returned to his bedroom, but there was no way of having his thoughts answered. He stood near the fireplace for a long time with one elbow on the mantel, his head on his hand, gazing upon the spot where the corpse had been found, as though fascinated.

There are some who avoid the presence of the dead, or places where the dead have been. These would strenuously deny the possibility that spirits of the departed return to earth, yet in their secret hearts they admit that it might be. They scoff at ghosts, yet avoid a chance of meeting one. There are others who would no more enjoy such an encounter, but who, having speculated little as to the possibilities or probabilities, yet, in an undefinable, half-conscious way, wonder whether such things can be. These are attracted to the scenes of deaths, and especially of homicides, for, if any ghost should have the desire to return, would it not be the grim specter of one who had been forcibly ejected from his earthly shell? Might not his unfinished career contain some incompleting purpose, so strongly impressed upon the soul, that he would try to get back into communication with some one whom he might inspire to do his bidding, so that he, poor ghost, might continue upon his long journey lighter hearted? Or, in case of murder, might it not be that the quick following of a scent by the spirit of the deceased, which hovers about the scene till justice be done? If this be a possibility, would it not be a probability that such would be the case where suspicion had fallen upon some beloved one? For whether she, if a woman were suspected, were even truly guilty, might not a kindly, loving ghost, be willing to save her from vengeance, even though some other, perhaps his enemy, would enter in her place?

However this may be, the fact remains that, though we may speculate and speculate, we know nothing. And, knowing nothing, we speculate. Thus it was not strange that in that room and on that spot Lewis should allow his thoughts to wander afar off, so far indeed that he need not follow him. But while he stood there blind and deaf, as the abstracted always are, though their eyes and ears may be in perfect order for the reception of impressions, there entered one whom he neither saw nor heard.

I use this pronoun, although I am alluding to the great mastiff, for it was the dog who stalked silently into the room. I believe that religionists, in their egotism, have selfishly appropriated all the souls in creation and bestowed them upon the king of all animals, man. To my mind there is something inherently wrong about this dogma. I have met too many good dogs and too many bad men to easily believe that man alone is immortal, for surely if there be any immortality at all the good in the world must share it. So I think the good in the dog is more

worthy of perpetuity than the evil that resides in man.

The mastiff, having entered the room, went close to where Lewis stood, and after sniffing at his legs a moment gently licked the hand which he hung down, reaching it without an effort, so tall was he.

Lewis must have indeed been lost in thought, for he heeded not his "Good morning" of the brute. His salutation unnoticed, the mastiff dropped down upon his haunches and so sat staring into the face of the man as though to ask wherefore he was not observed. There is the picture—the man leaning against the mantel, present in the body, but absent in mind or spirit, and the dog sitting patiently waiting for the return of consciousness in the man, so that he might be recognized. As he continued to stare up at Lewis, who will say, that dog though he was, he would not be able to note the first expression on the face which would show that the man's mind had returned from its pursuit of the unknowable? The position remained unchanged for many minutes, till at last the dog must have concluded that he deserved more than was accorded to him. He raised one of his huge paws and placed it upon the man's leg, repeating the action, as though intentionally touching him to attract his attention. Still failing, he reached a little higher and let his paw rest on Lewis' hand.

This aroused Lewis, and even before he fully recovered from his reverie he closed his fingers upon the proffered paw, grasping it tightly. He looked down, but as he met the mastiff's eyes they were turned away. What is there about a dog which causes him to do this? He will stare at you by the hour, but look at him and he turns away as though caught in an act of which he is ashamed. Is it a recognition of the superiority of man, and does he instinctively feel that it is a liberty for him so to stare, even though the proverb allows the cat to gaze upon majesty?

Lewis stooped and patted the huge head, and the dog turned his mouth up so that he could lick the hand which caressed him.

"Poor dumb brute," said Lewis aloud, "I wonder if you know that I am in trouble and are offering your sympathy?" He leaned further forward, and the dog licked him in the face.

"You seem to be fond of dogs," Lewis looked up quickly, releasing the dog's paw, and saw that it was Virginia who had spoken.

"Yes," he replied, "I am devoted to the species. I feel quite complimented at the favors shown to me by this one. He does not look like a dog who would make friends with every one, and it is said that these intelligent brutes instinctively avoid the evil disposed."

"You are the first man of whom Savage ever made a friend at sight," replied Virginia. "I think that his name is a good exponent of his nature. There are few about this neighborhood who do not fear him. I wonder if what you say is true? I mean that a dog can do what a man cannot—read character and distinguish between the good and the bad?"

"I cannot be certain, of course, but I think so. It is all speculation, though there are stories in substantiation of that theory. However that may be, I am glad that Savage is friendly with me, since I am to be your guest. It would be very awkward otherwise. I should fear to leave my room at night."

"You must not call yourself my guest," said Virginia, in friendly tones. "Despite what the detectives, or others, may have told you of my recent unpleasantness with my uncle, I loved him dearly. As you are his son, I look upon you as his rightful heir, regardless of what the squire tells me are the provisions of the will. You must consider yourself entirely at home."

"You are very kind to the prodigal." He paused a moment. "You said just now that you dearly loved my father." His voice trembled a little, and he stopped to regain control of himself. "I am glad to have you say that. I am glad that some one loved him." Again he was obliged to pause. "You see I forsook him, and he must have been a very lonely man had you not given him your affections. Now that I have come back, in face of the dreadful calamity that has befallen us, your kind words lead me to hope that—that you will give me your good opinion and your good will to firm, and that later we may grow to be firm friends and perhaps affectionate cousins. Am I am I too bold?"

"I told you the truth when I said that I loved my father—for he was a father to me. How could I help loving him? He was so good to me." She was not answering his question directly, and as she said the last words she choked back a sob and turned her head away to hide her emotion. For this reason she did not see an involuntary movement toward her which Lewis made. He stretched forth his arms, as though he would infold her with them by way of sympathy. Almost as quickly as he had been moved, he checked himself and seemed calm when she looked at him again. "De you know," said she, "your voice is very like your father's? And you are like him too." Then after a moment, offering him her hand impulsively, "Yes, I think I can promise that we shall be friends."

Lewis took the proffered hand and held it without saying anything. Virginia immediately withdrew it, not resentfully, but yet firmly. Her emotions, aroused by the subject which they had discussed, had betrayed her into more demonstrativeness than was her custom. Now she returned to her usual mood and said a little more coldly: "Come, we will have breakfast. I came in to call you." Lewis sighed as he followed her. The mastiff had sprawled off on the rug, lying on his side, his long legs outstretched, and appeared to be asleep. But as soon as the two left the room he jumped up and went after them.

It was about noon when Dr. Snow arrived, and by this time Burrows had risen. Meeting the doctor, he asked if he had come prepared to make the post mortem examination, to which he received a reply in the affirmative.

"Will you go up to the room at once? May I accompany you?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "I meant to come earlier, for I am anxious to make this examination as soon as possible, but I had to make a call on a very ill patient some miles away. As you are being present, it is what I wished. It is always best that more than one should witness such an investigation, in case anything of an unexpected nature should be discovered."

"Very well, let us go at once, for you cannot be more anxious than myself to begin. In fact, there is another reason why I would like to see the inside of the room."

"What is it?" asked the doctor, with some curiosity.

"Well, the fact is," said Burrows, "last night I thought I heard some one in the room, and also that a chair or other piece of furniture was overturned. I am curious to see if we find any corroboration of it in the appearance of the place."

"I doubt very much that we shall, for I have the key in my pocket, and so you see no one could have gained entrance."

The two men then proceeded to the apartment where lay the dead body. The doctor unlocked the door, allowing the detective to enter ahead of him. Burrows gazed eagerly around, but nothing seemed to indicate that any one had been in the place since it had been closed the day before.

"You see," said the doctor, "nothing has been disturbed. I am afraid your imagination played some trick upon you."

Opening a satchel which he had brought with him, Dr. Snow produced his instruments and immediately began his work. First he stripped the body and found a considerable quantity of blood clotted about the parts, which with a sponge he carefully cleansed. He had scarcely done so when Burrows, who had been following his actions with eager interest, excitedly exclaimed:

"Look, doctor! There seem to be two wounds."

"As you say, so it seems," said Dr. Snow phlegmatically, "but before we make a positive assertion let us examine farther." With these words he took up his probe. Passing it into one wound, he worked in silence for some time, Burrows endeavoring to command his impatience. Finally he removed the instrument and inserted it into the second opening. With a little manipulation it passed superficially through the flesh and then emerged again about six inches from the entrance and toward the back. At length the doctor spoke:

"I think," said he, "that you are correct in your surmise and that two bullets have entered here. One I can feel with my probe; the other passed out, as you see this second track indicates. Both wounds are close together."

"Will you extract the bullet?" asked Burrows.

"Of course. It will give us a needed clue as to the bore of the weapon used." Thereupon he continued, determined to complete the task before him. While he was thus busily engaged Burrows stood looking from the window and was deep in thought over this last point in the evidence.

In the talk between him and Mr. Barnes both had thought that but one bullet had found its mark in the dead body. Now it was inconceivable that there were two wounds. How to explain that in connection with what they had already discovered was the problem, and his astute mind quickly evolved a theory to fit the case. It will be remembered that the pistols found on the lawn had each one empty shell, and as but one shell had been picked up in Virginia's room he concluded that that weapon also had been fired only once. The tracks in the snow seemed to indicate that Virginia had met Harry Lucas (whose name was on one of the pistols) and then left him to go to the woods. Suppose, then, that Lucas had fired his weapon at Lewis, and that the ball had struck at the point where it made but a flesh wound, and then had passed out? From this point Burrows reasoned as follows: "Lewis, finding himself wounded, had taken the precaution to write the name of his supposed assailant on the paper which Mr. Barnes thought that Virginia had taken from the table. He had then retired to his bed, as was evident from his being in his nightdress. Then the man whom Virginia had met across the river, and who had unquestionably visited the house afterward, as was easily shown by his tracks, had entered and fired the shot which proved fatal." As he reached this point in the case which he was constructing to fit the facts he started with a new idea. "As Virginia had been cleaning a pistol, suppose that it was her own weapon, and that it was she who, having planned the deed with Lucas, had finished it when she returned home and found her uncle still alive?

This seems more probable, because Lewis might have left his own room to tell her of his wound, when she came in, whereas the man would have sought him in his bedroom and have killed him there." Two points occurred to him in connection with his theory, and he approached the table where the doctor was at work and asked:

"Can you tell from what distance these shots were fired?"

"I have just been looking into that point. Of one thing I am convinced, and that is that one was fired at very close range, for the cloth of the gown is blackened with powder."

"Which wound was that?"

"That is the curious part of it. There is but one hole in the gown and there are two wounds. I cannot be sure which bullet passed through the garment, because the wounds are so close together."

This satisfied Burrows, and he came to his second point. If he could find the suit of clothes which the murdered man had on when the first shot struck him, and if he found a bullet hole in the garment, it would bear out his theory that Lewis had received one bullet from without, and then had undressed, the second and fatal shot coming after.

Burrows was now anxious to search for the suit of clothes necessary to his theory of the crime, but was obliged to wait until Dr. Snow had concluded his investigation. This occupied some time, for he very carefully made notes of all the results. However, at last the doctor signified his readiness to dismiss the case for the day. The two men left the room together, Dr. Snow carefully look-



He heard the door open behind him, and, turning, saw Virginia.

ing the door and placing the key in his pocket. They passed down the stairs and, meeting no one, parted at the gate, the physician jumping into his wagon and turning his horse's head homeward.

Left to himself, Burrows hastened to commence his search. First he satisfied himself that he was alone in the house, the others apparently having gone out. Feeling thus safe from danger of interruption, he unhesitatingly proceeded to the room which had been occupied by John Lewis. Here he found clothing in the closet and in the drawer of a bureau. He examined everything most thoroughly, but was chagrined and disappointed by not finding what he sought. At length, however, he was compelled to admit that there was no sign of such evidence as he sought, and he commenced replacing things as he had found them.

While thus occupied he heard the door open behind him, and, turning, saw Virginia.

"What are you doing?" said she.

"Those are my uncle's things. Why are you disturbing them?"

Burrows flushed, as though detected in some dishonorable act, and though he felt that he had done but his duty he would have been glad if Virginia had delayed her entrance by half an hour. However, he determined to tell the truth, and it even occurred to him that he might discover something by closely watching Virginia's face as he disclosed his suspicions to her.

"Miss Lewis," said he, "I confess it may seem strange that I should be thus engaged, but as a detective, endeavoring to find the murderer of your uncle, I suppose you will admit that I may use all means to compass that end?"

"I am not sufficiently versed in the methods of the thief taker to be a judge," replied Virginia coldly. Burrows colored at the evidently intended slur, and with some asperity he answered:

"If I am a thief taker, it is only the criminal who has need to fear my methods. The innocent can be in no danger."

"You are egotistical. Beware that you do not make the innocent suffer for the guilty in this case."

"Ah! You know who the guilty is, do you not? Tell me what it is that you know and what you are concealing?" At these words Virginia drew herself up to the extreme height of her commanding figure, and with withering scorn she replied:

"Mr. Burrows, you forget yourself. How dare you speak so to me?" Burrows was about to reply, but before he could sufficiently control himself she continued: "Enough of this. I am not here to aid you in capturing the criminal, but I want to know what you are doing among my uncle's clothing."

By this time Burrows was determined to deal with her with entire disregard of her sex, remembering only that she was possessed of guilty knowledge if nothing more. He watched her narrowly as he asked:

"Where are the clothes which your uncle wore when he was shot?"

The girl's countenance did not change, save that a slight, very slight, smile crossed her lips.

"It appears that my uncle was in his nightdress when he was killed. There-

fore your question is unintelligible," she replied.

"Your uncle was in his full dress when shot, and I am seeking the garments which he wore."

"Have you found them?" asked Virginia, still with her countenance under perfect control.

"No, I have not," admitted Burrows, a little disconcerted. Before he could continue he was surprised to hear her say:

"Will you come in to dinner? I came to call my cousin, but he does not appear to be here." Without waiting for his answer she left the room.

Burrows was disconcerted at the readiness with which she had dismissed the whole topic. Could it be, he thought, that, after all, she knew nothing? He could not bring himself to admit this, remembering her evident interest in keeping some secret of which she was possessed. "The deeper I get the more complicated the whole thing seems to be," he muttered, as he followed his hostess to the dining room. At that moment he sincerely wished for the return of Mr. Barnes.

Nothing of any consequence occurred during the remainder of the day, and Burrows retired early to sleep that night. Once in bed, he could not help wondering whether there would be a repetition of the mysterious noises of the night before. His slumbers were undisturbed, and he awoke much refreshed the next morning. Immediately after breakfast he left the farm and went to the saloon where he and Mr. Barnes had stopped on their first arrival. Here he found, as he expected, that their trunks had been sent from New Market, and he was thus enabled to make a change of clothing, of which he felt sorely in need. This done, he proceeded to the squire's house to ascertain if anything had been heard from his superior.

He was ushered into a most comfortable parlor and was shortly joined by the squire himself, who entered with a dispatch in his hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Burrows," said he, advancing. "I presume you are anxious to know about Mr. Barnes. I have just received a message from him, sent from Portsmouth. He promises to be with us today. Do you know what called him to that city?"

"Not exactly, squire, though I fancy I might guess. He left me to find out the address on a certain letter which he thought it of importance to have. I suppose he must have followed the letter to its destination, in order to come up with the party to whom it was written."

"And who may that be?" asked the squire, with considerable curiosity.

"I cannot say certainly," replied Burrows; "but, as the letter was written by Miss Lewis, I fancy it may be her lover, Walter Marvel. If this should prove to be the case, you will see how well Mr. Barnes foretold how he should find this man when he said that he would only need to keep a watch on the movements of the lady."

"But does he—that is, does Mr. Barnes think that Marvel is connected with this case?" The squire's voice quivered slightly. Evidently he was sorry to have this young man implicated.

"You will find, when you know Mr. Barnes better, that he is very slow to express any decided opinions in cases of this kind. In fact, it is commonly said among the men on the force that

"when Mr. Barnes accuses a man he always proves him guilty." Therefore, you see, it is impossible for me as yet to say just what he does think."

Before the conversation could be carried any further, there was a loud rap on the knocker of the front door, and the squire himself hastened to open it, ushering in Mr. Barnes and Walter Marvel. Squire Olney was as one struck dumb when he saw and recognized the latter. How quickly this shrewd detective had accomplished what had baffled the efforts of so many others! In just 24 hours he had apprehended the man whom he had come to find. Marvel was the first to speak.

"Good morning, squire. You seem surprised to see me."

"I am," rejoined the squire briefly. "Mr. Barnes here has told me what I did not know. You have offered a reward for my capture."

The squire hastened to disavow any personal responsibility for that action and continued: "I hope, Walter, you know that I am your friend. I have only done my duty."

"I understand perfectly, squire. However, under the circumstances and because of later occurrences, I accepted the advice of Mr. Barnes and returned at once."

"Oh! Then you are not under arrest?" asked the squire anxiously. Walter changed color slightly, and Mr. Barnes hastened to relieve his embarrassment by saying:

"No, squire, he came with me voluntarily. But now, if you can offer us any refreshments, we should be grateful. We walked from New Market, and it has sharpened our appetites, has it not, Mr. Marvel?"

Walter nodded assent, and Burrows, who was watching the scene with interest, was surprised at the apparent good will which seemed to exist between them. The squire at once led the way to the dining room, and his wife soon spread a bountiful repast before them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A man died at a New York hospital the other day whose blood was so mixed with drink that the heart, in being taken out for a post-mortem examination, smelled as though steeped in alcohol.

Any expert can catch enough cold in five minutes to last all winter.

### UP IN PENNSYLVANIA.

"W. A." Concludes His Interesting Account of His Recent Trip North. Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

BLACKSBURG, November 8.—As stated in my communication of last week, the land in Pennsylvania, before it is cleared for cultivation, is not much, if any, stronger or more fertile than the virgin soil in our Piedmont region, and there is a striking resemblance in the general appearance of the surface of the country in the two sections, and of the primitive growths of the forest, except that in Pennsylvania the natural divisions of hills and valleys are more decided; the former higher and steeper and the latter of larger area and more continuously level, so that it is not uncommon there to see a body of 50 or more acres as level as a floor, with high hills almost towering into mountains on each side of it.

One reason, I think, for the continuity, so to speak, of the lower lands, is the almost entire absence of small streams of water, which are very numerous here, and tend to divide the level lands into smaller bowlders.

There is very little difference here and there in the kind and growth of forest-trees, except, that the pine doesn't flourish as it does in the south, and I missed its majestic size and rich green foliage.

The population in the country is much greater than ours, and composed of an industrious and thrifty class of people, who are devoted to their farms and homes.

There is not much uncleared land except on the steep mountain sides, and since coal is so cheap, and iron is so plentiful, it is not necessary as well as economy the principal fuel used. Many of the houses in the country are built of the stones picked up off of the ground; but the larger number are of brick, and all built with a view to thorough economy in the matter of fuel. The houses are built on the steeper slopes, and are almost continuously, and in so severe there during the long winters.

This year the fall was unusually late, however, and the weather fine and warm up to the time I left there, and grapes were still hanging in great quantities on the vines and in the trees, apples, pears, plums and quinces on the trees.

At one time, Hollidaysburg was quite an important iron manufacturing town; but since the production of cheaper iron in Birmingham, Ala., and other places south, and the concentration of the iron industry in the larger plants at Homestead and Pittsburg, the business has virtually been abandoned, and two of the principal manufacturers have gone to Alabama. There is still one foundry in operation, however, and a rolling mill occasionally. The getting out of iron and gasifier stone from the mountain sides, are two of the principal industries of that region. The limestone is used in smelting the iron ore, and the ganister, which lies in great profusion on the surface of the ground, is a very hard silicious stone, and is crushed, ground into powder, mixed with fine clay, and used in the converters of iron into Bessemer steel. Both of these products are shipped to Pittsburg, Homestead and other places, in immense quantities, and the work gives employment to hundreds of men. Another great help these people have and which we are deprived of, is the distribution of power, which adds much to the general prosperity of the country.

Located a few miles from Hollidaysburg and in the same county, on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, is Altoona, the mountain city of Pennsylvania. It is one of the largest cities of this age of railroad development, and one of the most magnificent examples of the growth and progress of railroad work. Not half a century old, it is a beautiful city, its population numbering about 40,000. Here are located the largest railroad shops in the world, belonging to the Pennsylvania railroad, and they are the chief source of the wealth and magic growth of the city. Through the courtesy of Master Mechanic Davis, I was shown through a portion of the shops; but am not equal to an intelligent description of the ingenious and ponderous machinery and the various mechanical departments an engine or car is taken through before it comes out ready for the road. Thousands of skilled mechanics, whose wages are from \$3 to \$5 a day, are employed in these shops, and hundreds more are in the city who are only hired occasionally in cases of emergency or during the busy season of the year.

In closing this brief and very imperfect sketch of a visit which will always be a most delightful memory, I must say that I never met with a more hospitable or a kinder hearted people. I was made to feel quite at home wherever I went, and I met with that consideration and kindness which only intelligent and liberal minds are capable of extending to strangers. Among all those whom I met, there was always a kindly expression for our Southland, and while I could not, for want of space, mention the names of the citizens of Hollidaysburg, yet I cannot omit telling of a most delightful day spent, among the last, at Point View, a charming summer resort on the Juniata river, about 12 miles from Hollidaysburg. This beautiful and romantic spot was first noticed and named by Mr. P. W. Snyder, a citizen of Hollidaysburg, and a gentleman of means and culture.

A tract of mountain land was purchased by Mr. Snyder and his brother several years ago at this place, and a handsome stone cottage erected. Soon other wealthy people of Hollidaysburg and Altoona, perceiving the beauty of the location, bought lots and built cottages, and now the Point is getting to be a popular summer resort. Here is the three mile dam of the old Pennsylvania canal, which affords in summer a delightful place for rowing and boating, and in winter, millions of tons of coal for a country which has immense storage buildings on the opposite side of the river from the Point. The Pennsylvania railroad has a branch line along the bank of the river, which has daily passenger trains, and hauls over a hundred carloads of lime and ganister stone daily. Charles Dickens and others, Mr. family and myself were the guests of Mr. Snyder and his accomplished wife and daughter, and besides the genuine and warm-hearted entertainment given us, we were treated to some very interesting historic lore, by Mr. Snyder, about the place.

The old Pennsylvania pike, built before railroads were thought of, and the great thoroughfare from the eastern part of the state and world to the Great West, passed near here, and some of the old mile marks, made of iron, are still preserved. Later came the Pennsylvania canal, and the dam across the Juniata river, just below the Point, is still there, and a fine monument of the splendid masonry of the Thirties and Forties. Along this route, traveled some of the distinguished men of those days, as, for instance, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Zachary Taylor, Washington Irving, Charles Dickens and others. In the account of his travels in America, the latter mentions his trip over the canal and the peculiarly grand and beautiful scenery of the mountains and river at Point View. Here are also the remains of an old iron furnace which was almost cotemporary with the war of the Revolution.